

It happened on a certain Day, that as the inhuman *Barbarico* was prowling along the side of a craggy Mountain, overgrown with Brambles and briery Thickets, taking frightful Strides, rolling his ghastly Eyes around in quest of human Blood, and having his Breast tortured with inward Rage and Grief, that he had been so unhappy as to live one whole Day without some Act of Violence; he beheld in a pleasant Valley at a little Distance, a River winding its gentle Course through Rows of Trees mixed with flowery Shrubs. Hither the Giant hasted and being arrived he gazed about, to see if in this sweet Retirement any were so unhappy as to fall within his Power: But finding none, the Disappointment set him in a Flame of Rage, which, burning like an inward Furnace, parched his Throat. And now he laid him down upon the Bank, to try if in the cool Stream he could slake his Thirst, that burnt within him.

He bent him down to drink: And at the same Time casting his baleful Eyes towards the opposite
Side

Side, he soon discovered within a little Arbour, in the Meadow, the Shepherd *Fidus* and his lovely *Amata*.

The gloomy Tyrant no sooner saw this happy Pair, than his Heart leapt for Joy; He stood for a short Space to view them in their sweet Retirement; and was soon convinced that in the innocent Enjoyment of reciprocal Affection their Happiness was complete. His Eye inflamed with Envy to behold such Bliss, darted a fearful Glare; and his Breast swelling with Malice, he with gigantic Pace approached their peaceful Seat.

The happy *Fidus* was at that Time busy in entertaining his *Amata* with a Song, and the Giant was now within one Stride of them, when *Amata* perceiving him, cried out in a trembling Voice, "Fly! "*Fidus*, fly! or we are lost for ever!" She had scarce uttered these Words, when the Giant seized them by the Waist in either Hand, *Amata* not being able to bear this sudden Fright, fainted away, and remained in his Hands but as a lifeless Corpse. When
lifting